



"THE  
HARVEST  
INDEED  
IS  
GREAT,  
BUT  
THE  
LABORERS  
ARE  
FEW.  
  
"PRAY  
YE  
THEREFORE



THE  
LORD  
OF  
THE  
HARVEST,  
THAT  
HE  
SEND  
LABORERS  
INTO  
HIS  
HARVEST."

St. Luke x-2

# The Messenger of Our Lady of Africa

PUBLISHED BY

THE WHITE SISTERS OF AFRICA

METUCHEN,      ✕      ✕      NEW JERSEY

## Recommendation of His Excellency the Bishop Of Trenton, N. J.

Dear Reverend Mother:

I am indeed pleased to recommend most heartily the Apostolic work of the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa. You are laboring in your own quiet way, and in accordance with the wishes of our Holy Father, Pius XI, gloriously reigning, solely that Our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, may be better known and better loved by those for whom he gave His life on the Cross that all men might have life, and have it more abundantly.

Any assistance given you will be rewarded by the Saviour Himself, who has promised: "Whosoever shall give a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, amen, I say to you, he shall not lose his reward." I am sure such a labor of love needs no further commendation to the good priests and faithful people of the Diocese of Trenton.

Wishing you every blessing in your noble work, I beg to remain,

Sincerely yours in Christ,

✠ MOSES E. KILEY,  
Bishop of Trenton.

July 24, 1934.

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## SEVERAL GOOD WAYS TO HELP THE MISSIONARY SISTERS

**PRAYER:**—Without the grace of God the Missionaries could do nothing whatever for the salvation of souls. By praying for them you bring down God's blessing upon them and their apostolic labors.

**SUFFERINGS:**—To unite one's sufferings, trials and hardships to those of Jesus on the Cross and offer them for the salvation of pagan and Mohammedan souls.

**ALMS:**—If no one would support the Missionaries they could again do nothing.

|  |          |
|--|----------|
| THE ANNUAL SUPPORT OF A SISTER .....                 | \$125 00 |
| THE ANNUAL SUPPORT OF A DISPENSARY .....             | 40.00    |
| TO RANSOM A YOUNG GIRL FOR A CATHOLIC MARRIAGE ..... | 20.00    |
| TO SUPPORT A LEPER IN A HUT FOR A MONTH .....        | 2.00     |
| TO PROVIDE BREAD FOR A CHILD MONTHLY .....           | 1.00     |
| TO CLOTHE A CHILD FOR FIRST HOLY COMMUNION .....     | 1.00     |
| TO KEEP A SANCTUARY LAMP BURNING FOR A MONTH .....   | 1.00     |
| BY BECOMING A PROMOTER OR MEMBER                     |          |

OF A MISSION GUILD OF OUR LADY OF AFRICA.

**YOUR LAST WILL:**—It is a poor Will which does not name Our Lord Jesus Christ among its beneficiaries. Remember the works of charity of the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa in making your Will. And when life, that precious time to merit has passed away for you, the Sisters, whom you have helped, will continue to do good in your name and you will share in their prayers, works and sacrifices.

**OLD JEWELRY:**—Why treasure away broken and old-fashioned gold or silver jewelry when it can be transformed into chalices or ciboriums to shelter the Eucharistic King? Would not the memory of loved ones be more honored by sacrificing their cherished souvenirs for so sacred a cause than by letting them lay useless in some corner?

## Missionary Guilds of Our Lady of Africa

A Mission Guild of Our Lady of Africa is established to help the Missions under the special protection of Our Lady, Queen of Africa. Just as every other guild or club, there must be a President and other officers. There must also be promoters, who try to get as many members as possible.

The members of the Guild promise to contribute a certain small amount for Our Lady's Missions every week. As a reminder of their promise and at the same time to facilitate the putting aside of this small sum, the members, at their enrollment in the Guild, receive a little bag in which they may keep their weekly offering. At the close of every ten weeks, the promoters collect the total for the missions.

A meeting is called for the promoters to give in the offerings of their members, which is then sent to the Sisters. This meeting may also be a little social gathering for the Promoters.

Who would miss five or ten cents a week? However, this sum, although small in itself, when donated by a number of people each week, becomes no less than a fortune in Missionland.

Who can estimate the number of hearts, living tabernacles, in which God will reign, simply because a nickel or dime was put aside each week for the missions? And who can conceive

the reward that Our Lady of Africa will obtain from her Divine Son for those who help to extend His Kingdom among the Mohammedans and pagans.

### SPECIAL FAVORS ARE GRANTED TO PROMOTERS BY THE HOLY SEE.

(a) A plenary Indulgence may be gained under the usual conditions on

(A) the day of their enrollment as promoters.

(B) the following Feasts: Immaculate Conception, Saint Augustine, Saint Monica, Saint Peter, and Saint Francis Xavier.

The Masses said for Promoters after their death at any Altar will procure for their souls the same favors as if the Masses were said on Privileged Altars.

### FOR ORDINARY MEMBERS

Three Masses are said every month for the living and deceased members. Moreover, they share in the apostolic labors of all the Sisters of the Congregation and in the prayers said for them in all the convents of the Congregation

# A Child of Our Lady of Africa



ONE DAY while we were on our way to visit a sick woman, we met a negress, who with great pride, brought us to her neatly kept home. The first thing that struck our attention was a picture of Our Lady of Africa, hanging on the wall.

"Do you know our Lady Of Africa?" I inquired.

"Oh yes," she quickly replied.

"Where did you come to know about her?"

"In Algiers. Ah! The African Lady is my mother.

I often say to her 'You are black' like myself, but you are beautiful. I love you; I am your child.'"

"But how did you come to love her so much?"

"When I was working in Algiers, I had a very sore arm. For more than two years it pained so much from the hand to the shoulder that I could hardly do my work. Yet, I had to earn my livelihood. I went to the 'Tebib' (Arabian doctor); but far from curing it, he made it worse. I knew some Mohammedan women who often went to seek intercession from Lalla Meriem, and they obtained many favors from her. I thought, perhaps if I go, she will cure me too. I went with them and asked Lalla Meriem to cure me. My arm recovered. Look! I can move it and work as if it had never been sore."

"What did you do then?"

"I went back to bring some candles to the African Lady's house; and ever since, I ask favors of her."

"Where did you get her picture?"

When I left my mistress to marry, she asked me what I would like to have

for a present. I told her nothing would give me more pleasure than a picture like hers of the African Lady. She was quite surprised at my wish, but I received my request. Now when I am sad or have worries I look at Lalla Meriem's picture and tell her about it. Then I feel better."

Moved by the touching faith of this poor negress in Our Heavenly Mother, and thinking it would please her, we offered to clean and frame the picture which had become blackened by smoke. But Fatouma dared not give it to us for fear of displeasing her husband, who returning in the evening from his work, would miss the Madonna.

Then she sadly related to us her domestic troubles. Her husband was not always kind to her, nor to his aged parents, nor even to their little girl. He earned money, but brought very little of it home. Poor Fatouma did all she could to keep the house looking well and to repair the family's clothes so that they would last longer. We tried to comfort her and promised to come back again.

Some time later we were passing before Fatouma's home and stopped to see her. This time Achour, her husband, was at home. He was most eager that we should visit his house; and pointing to the precious picture he said:

"Look, here is the African Lady. I went to see her three times in her 'djema' (temple) in Algiers."

"Would you not like to give us this picture to clean? We would then put it in a pretty frame."

"Willingly, you may take it."

Within a short time, we brought Fatouma's treasure back to her. It would be impossible to describe the woman's joy.

We could not help smiling and from our hearts a prayer went up to Mary asking her to give peace to this family who honor her so much. May she take possession of these hearts for her Divine Son.

Sr. Raphaela, W. S.

\* The statue of Our Lady of Africa is made of bronze.



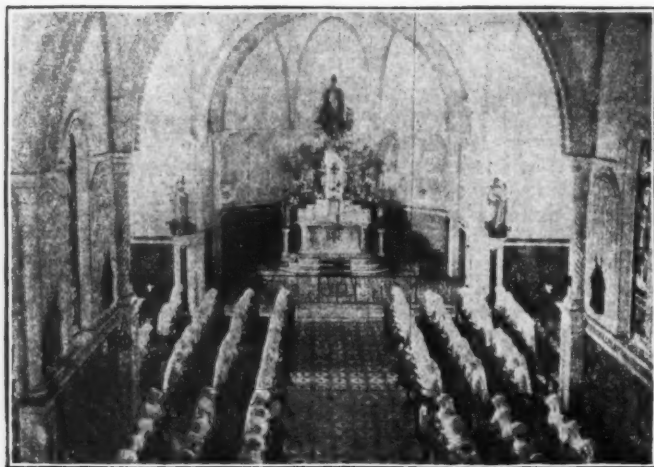
*Though we have sent a special word of thanks to all those who kindly returned their Christmas stocking, we are pleased to use "The Messenger of Our Lady of Africa" as a medium to express the Orphans' cordial thanks to their dear American benefactors, for whom their fervent prayers and acts of self-denial will obtain many favors in these critical times.*

"Since therefore, none are to be considered so poor and naked, none so infirm nor hungry nor thirsty as those who are deprived of the knowledge and grace of God, there is no one who does not see that mercy and a divine reward shall not be wanting to him who has shown mercy to the most needy of his fellows."

PIUS XI, the Pope of the Missions

# The Mother House of The Missionaries

(Extract From the



The New Generation of White Sisters.

**A**LGERIAN by birth like the Congregation of which it is the center, situated about four miles from the city of Algiers, it stands, a vast quadrangular building, with red roof surmounted by a bell tower dominating the silent country - a succession of grape vine slopes - below which appears the orphanage and the farm houses.

Those who are familiar with the spot name it "St. Charles;" the orphans and the children of the neighboring villages as well as the native workmen call it "The Monastery;" while for the White Sisters, it is "The Mother House."

## ITS ORIGIN

St. Charles owes its foundation and its name to Cardinal Lavignerie, who founded the Congregation of the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa. The first building - very humble in appearance - was not only the cradle of the Congregation but also served as a home for the orphans, whom the Cardinal had rescued from the terrible famine of 1867, and whom he adopted as his children.

Later on, Christian charity provided for the addition of a larger building for the orphans. The unknown benefactress wished to place the inscription "Christe Resurgenti," so full of hope and faith, over the main entrance. At the same time, the newly founded Congregation had out grown its cradle; therefore, a Novitiate was constructed at a short distance from the orphanage. It was to be the Mother House of the White Sisters for more than thirty years; then having grown old prematurely, and not responding any longer to the growing needs of the Congregation, it gave place to a new building. Reconstruction and successive enlarging brought about, after long years, the St. Charles of today, which is both the Mother House and Novitiate.

St. Charles, chosen from the beginning by the Founder and named after his Patron Saint, remains

indeed the native land of the White Sisters; it is their all in all!

## ITS ASPECT

A little severe like the title "Monastery" by which the Mother House is designated, the exterior has no style; but is characterized by its poverty and simplicity, so befitting to Missionary Sisters. The access is silent. The house, itself, by its situation to the northeast, is often in the shade. The morning sun, illuminating it, withdraws its rays quite quickly without, however, making it gloomy.

Yet, let the door open, and one will be in a quiet, peaceful, and recollected atmosphere and the outlook, a sunny, green and flowery court, which frames itself finally in a white arcade. It gives the appearance taken together as a vast square, dominated by some rather high palm trees; it has flowerbeds,

If "The  
Messenger  
of Our  
Lady of  
Africa"  
interests  
you, kindly  
show it to  
your  
friends.



The Interior Court Yard of the

paths, grass and flowers which overflow and intermingle, the whole thing presenting a living picture, although somewhat confused.

A dark virgin catches the eye; the statue rises in the center of a flowerbed in the shadow of two large tufted palm trees. A date on the pedestal, 1885, recalls a time particularly critical for the Congregation; when recruiting was difficult and very little response made to the views of the Founder, the Cardinal decided upon its suppression. The Religious, however,

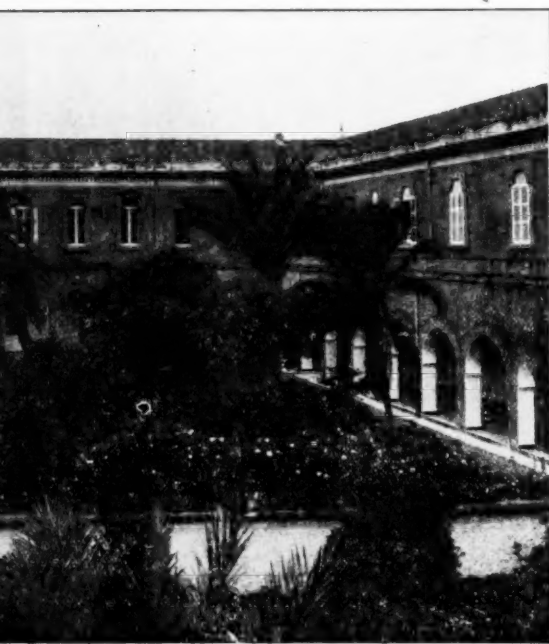


# Conary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa

(the "Catholic Algerian")

considered themselves White Sisters forever; their desire to see the Congregation maintained and their confidence in Our Lady of Africa suggested a vow - the erection of this statue - which was realized the same year. The most confident, the most outstanding "White Sister" was the Venerable Mother Marie Salome, already Superior General, who was to maintain for forty three years among her daughters the very spirit of the Founder. Her memory remains in veneration.

The Interior side of the building being in Algerian architecture, round about the inner yard, in regular profile, are arcades, which give it a monastic appearance, especially when steeped in silence; though it could hardly be called a cloister, in as much as at certain times of the day it animates itself with religious gaiety. The large doors open, the chapel appears simple, white, sombre in its adornments, with crowded pews. The window panes brighten the nave; young African Virgins - Maxima and



ard of the Mother House.

Restitute, Gondanes and Martina - stand out luminously. All four, with candid countenances and charmingly modest, present their green palm, emblem of their martyrdom. In the sanctuary, the great Apostles, Peter and Paul, are on each side of the altar.

Dominating all the chapel, very high in a niche, stands a statue of the Blessed Virgin, draped modestly in her blue

mantle; with lowered eyes, her hands crossed on her breast, she seems to hold a wonderful secret. One thinks of "those things" of which St. Luke speaks, regarding her Dearly Beloved Son and "which she kept in her heart," or of the unceasing echo of the Magnificat. Does she not reflect the profound happiness of a life entirely given to God?

Below her is the white altar, where every day, Christ immolates Himself, uniting to His immolation that of the religious souls whose roof He shares. There for the happiness of their life, Christ still gives Himself to them so that they may give Him to others. Outside of Him, there is no life for souls.

In the tabernacle - the point of emanation of every religious house - is Jesus the Host, the beloved Host of the house, who chooses His apostles and attaches them to Himself. In return they love Him in **souls** and **souls** in Him; it is all one. At the hour of spiritual exercises, they group themselves around their loving Guest; at the hour of work - His divine service - they pass rapidly, glancing at His Tabernacle - an instinctive gesture which says again to Him: "We are Thine; we are returning to Thee."

## ITS ROLE

The term of "Mother House" may be understood in different ways. But it awakens at first the idea of unity - of a centre. And this is true of St. Charles, birth place of the Congregation, where it has grown, suffered and struggled, where the most ancient and most intimate memories of its religious family are centered. It is to St. Charles that not only the present 1287 White Sisters came but also those, already numerous, who in heaven form anew the glory of the Congregation. It is also from St. Charles that all, who after being impregnated with the spirit of

( Concluded on Page 7 )



The Generation of the Past.

# The Messenger of Our Lady of Africa



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## African Anecdotes

### HER DARK MAJESTY SETS AN EXAMPLE

A SHORT time ago I had an opportunity of spending a few days in a neighboring Mission. We rode there on donkeys, but drove back in the King's car, (His dark Majesty's). I was between the driver and the Queen. From time to time the car would stop and have to be coaxed to go again. At about five o'clock the Queen stopped the car. We were passing through a village where there was an Indian Merchant and her Majesty went to the shop.

Time passed and it was getting late and we a bit anxious. "I feel like going to see what the Queen is doing," my companion said. "Please do," I answered.

Sister came back all smiles . . . "Isn't our Queen marvelous? She has bought herself material for a dress and is having it made up on the spot . . ."

At last her Majesty came back and we started off again. Within an hour we had another mishap; this time the engine absolutely refused to go again . . . We were still sixteen miles from home, and night was falling. Happily we were within reach of an S. O. S. station so that we could notify the mission.

A car was sent to our rescue. Meanwhile far from losing patience, our Queen found a splendid occupation. Out came her new dress. She put it on, walked up and down and waited quite contentedly.

Really the Blacks are the happiest, most easy going creatures I ever met. Nothing ever seems to rub them the wrong way.

### ROSARY THANKSGIVING

WHEN we visited the sick at Mandiakuy, we heard that a panther, that had ravaged in the village, was caught. One of the women told us that only the Christians and catechumens dared to chase it, and that they only ate of its meat, because the pagans of this region believe to eat of the panther brings death.

"What about you?" my companion inquired.

"Oh, we Catholics do not believe in that any more," she smilingly rejoined.

Knowing that they had followed the panther for several hours, we asked if they had come home triumphantly singing as the pagans are wont to do.

"Oh, no," was the quick response, they recited the rosary in thanksgiving on the way home."

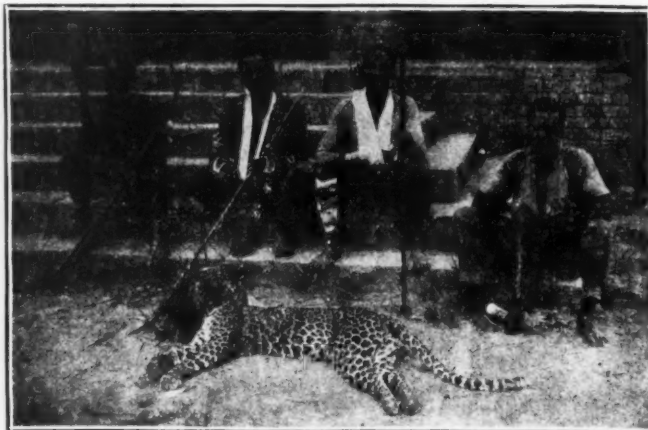
What faith for those who yesterday were still pagans!

### HIGH STYLE

On Sundays the boys come to Church in their uni-

forms. These consist of a white shirt and shorts. They are so proud of the nice pleats in their shorts that, before sitting down, they never fail to take the back pleats in both hands and pull them sideways, lest they be crumpled . . .

For their "Sunday Best" the girls wear a sort of cloth which they fasten under the arms. The more peculiar and showy the design the better! One strolls in church with a big cock on her back, another with a tiger, while still another with a big fish, under which is the inscription in English "My Darling."



# The Virtues of Guy de Fontgalland

By Reverend L. L. McReavy, M. A.

"THE CHILD JESUS was meek and humble," he said. "I, well, I am meek enough at college, never at home, but I fancy I am humble everywhere."

S. Teresa of Avila made the same confession. She says she found it impossible to be otherwise. She did indeed try one day, at Our Lord's suggestion, to raise some feeling of self-conceit, but the effort failed hopelessly.

I don't know whether Guy ever tried, but he certainly never succeeded in understanding pride, vanity, or self-conceit. In his conversations there was none of that "Yes, but I ..... " element, which looms so large in youthful assemblies. He was simple and unassuming, and never had a bad word to say of a comrade — the acid test of humility!



He was no fop, and paid indeed precious little attention to details of dress. He caught his mother one day admiring herself in a new gown, and couldn't refrain from a joke: "What are you proud about? You didn't make the thing." He was once permitted to choose a tie to wear with his school uniform. He choose black. "So as not to attract attention," he said.

Love of truth made him humble; humility made him obedient. He was of the wilful type of lad that finds obedience something of a strain, and where possible he liked to do things in his own way, and eschew the apron-strings. But whereas a coward can be independent it needs courage to obey, and thanks to the grace of God, Guy had that courage. It was not put to heroic tests, perhaps, but it stood the strain of many trials. We shall content ourselves with the story of just one such little trial.

(To be continued)

## THE MOTHER HOUSE OF THE MISSIONARY SISTERS OF OUR LADY OF AFRICA

(Continued from Page 5)

the Founder, have left for the missions of Northern Africa, Western Africa or Equatorial Africa.

St. Charles is the residence of those who govern the Congregation and have the heavy responsibility of maintaining its own spirit. It is from there that the directions of the superior General and her Counsel are issued in direct dependency on Rome. It is the home, too, of the General Secretary and Procurator with the different services required.

St. Charles commands the 140 Communities of White Sisters of which 107 pursue in Africa the Apostolic tasks assigned by the Founder to the very first Sisters; while the other 33 work at recruiting, at propaganda and at the preparation of future Missionaries in Europe and in America.

It is at St. Charles that all is focused for the White Sisters, and all converges there. It is the Family home - shelter of passage, house of recollection each year for the Sisters who are near. It is also a home of rest; for near the Mother House, a large building has been erected, especially arranged for the aged and sick Sisters.

In the shade of St. Charles, many of the Missionary Sisters have returned to die; they rest in the little cemetery, surrounded by cypresses, which cast a shade on the reddened earth of the vines. Around it the sun sets, leaving the forest of black crosses in solitude. But if one turns toward the large grey house, one perceives here and there the short flowing veils of novices.

The fact is that St. Charles is a cradle. Near the generation that works there for the common good of the Congregation, opposite the one whose task is ended for ever, a new generation arises which prepares to relieve the other; and perhaps still more

often than its elders, it will see realized the words of hope engraved on the first St. Charles: "The Re-appearance of Christ" — in Africa.

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

- For a food shower:  
Our Lady of Africa Mission Guild, Jersey City.
- For the ransom of Babies by:  
O. L. of Perpetual Help School, Brooklyn, New York.  
Bishop McDonell Memorial High School, Brooklyn, New York  
St. Mary's School, Lee, Mass.  
Barat Association, Torresdale, Pa.  
St. Mary's High School, Portsmouth, Ohio.  
Miss Kraft, Chicago, Ill.
- For the ransom of a young girl for a Catholic marriage by:  
Mary Grove College, Detroit, Mich.  
Miss Diana Hall, Millbury, Mass.
- To provide bread for a child:  
Rev. J. Marchand, Holyoke, Mass.  
Miss K. Hynes, Brooklyn, N. Y.
- To support a leper, to clothe a child for First Holy Communion, to keep a Sanctuary Lamp burning:  
Rev. J. Marchand, Holyoke, Mass.

## OBITUARY

- Mother Marie Emma Hamel, Brooklyn, N. Y.
- Mother M. Hyacinthe, C. P., Carrick, Pa.
- Mother M. Joseph, C. P., Carrick, Pa.
- Miss Margaret Lenon, Jersey City, Guild Member.
- Miss Frances Bergen, Brooklyn, N. Y.
- Miss Catherine Costello, Perth Amboy, N. J.
- Miss Catherine Furlong, Mt. Clemens, Mich.
- Mr. Thomas Hill, Millbury, Mass.
- Mr. John Little, Millbury, Mass.
- Mrs. Alice O'Sullivan, Worcester, Mass.
- Mr. David A. Toomey, West Springfield, Mass.
- Mrs. Nellie Toomey, West Springfield, Mass.
- Mr. David B. Toomey, West Springfield, Mass.
- Mr. John J. Toomey, West Springfield, Mass.

# Annie Awaty

By a White Sister.

**A**NNIE AWATY was left an orphan when very young. She remained with the Sisters in Karema on the banks of the beautiful, sunny, blue Tanganyika Lake. A delicate child, she was very sensitive and her tastes were more refined than those of most children of her tribe. She had a beautiful voice and was fond of music; so that as soon as silence time was over, she could be heard singing about the house. She liked beads and spent hours stringing them into necklaces and bracelets, not so much for the sake of wearing them as for the pleasure of looking at the pretty, bright colors cleverly set and entwined. Annie was a pious little girl and everybody's friend. When there was hard work to do, she willingly did her share. Despite these qualities, Annie was not perfect; she had her faults.

One day during the time devoted to needle-work, also a time of serious conversation, we were speaking of the terrible wonders that would foretell and bring the end of the world. Sitting on the terrace, we could hear the lake roaring, as its waves were thrown on the rocks. I quoted Our Lord's warning: "And there shall be signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars; and upon earth distress of nations by reason of the confusion of the roaring of the sea and of the waves." Even then, we could hear a dreadful storm coming; consequently, we could easily imagine how much worse it would be on the last day.

"Sister, if this is the case, I'll go back to Mwazye Mission, where there is no lake," exclaimed Annie.

"Poor little girl! so weak and slender! You would be crushed under one of those huge Mwazye mountains."

"O, Sister, it is too dreadful! Suppose I go down on Kasagula Plains; where there is neither lake nor mountains?"

"You may meet with a star falling from heaven that would roast the whole plain with you in the middle of it."

The entire world; that is, the part known to Annie, was unsafe. After a few moments of reflection, she remarked: "Supposing the end of the world would arrive now, I am sure God would be pleased to find me here, sewing my little sisal tea-pot stand." I approved, telling the girls about St. Aloysius Gon-

zaga who was always ready to die even while at recreation.

A few weeks after this incident, I was changed to another mission. Hardly had I reached my destination when I heard Our Lord had come for Annie. He found her, as she had wished, at her duty. One of the Sisters of Karema sent me the following details of her last days:



"Thursday Annie was in class as usual. In the afternoon she went to church with the other girls for their weekly instruction; then she went to confession. About six o'clock she began to feel sick. Despite all we did, on Friday her temperature remained above 104. Annie did not realize that she was dangerously ill. She talked and laughed and took whatever we gave her. Towards evening, though danger of death was not immediate, the priest was called. When the Superior of the Mission arrived, Annie candidly said: 'Father, I went to confession yesterday; I have nothing left to say.' The Missionary proposed to anoint her. Though somewhat surprised to be thought so ill, she willingly consented. Saturday morning Annie's temperature was just as high. She was 'only just very weary' as she herself expressed it.

'Sister, when I am gone,' she whispered, 'will you please share my pretty beads, necklaces and all I possess among my friends?'

'Wait, Annie, you may still wear them. Our Blessed Mother will perhaps cure you.'

'No, I am going to die.'

'But if you were allowed to choose?'

'I would rather go home to God. Sister, please say good-bye for me to all the Sisters I know. In heaven I will pray for the Missions, for our Bishop, the Fathers, the Sisters, and for all my benefactors. Please do not forget me; do not leave me in purgatory.'

"All hope was gone. We fervently asked our Blessed Mother to obtain whatever was best for the dear girl's happiness. There was no need of reminding her to pray. Ejaculations came to her lips. She renewed the promises of her Baptism. At two o'clock she became delirious, her wandering mind mixing up prayers and arithmetic difficulties. At four o'clock, in her own month, on her own day, our Blessed Mother came for Annie."



